When Lincoln Helped to Mend a Pump at the White House

THE Twelfth New York Regiment, 1,160 strong, was among the first that reached Washington on the breaking out of hostilities in 1861. The regimental organization included an engineer company commanded by Benjamin S. Church, and quarters were assigned to it in Franklin Square, where Capt. Church was ordered to erect huts and board barracks in the form of a regulation military camp. It was christened Camp Anderson and proved a shelter to many another regiment during the war.

One bright morning in May, 1861, before the first advance over Long Bridge into Virginia, young Capt. Church was in his hut absorbed in an attempt to fathom an abstract treatise on the art of war. The shanty fronted the sidewalk at the corner of K and Fourteenth streets. A sentinel entered and presented a card reading "Mr. Abraham Lincoln," with the request that Capt. Church would speak with the caller.

Hastily slipping on his accoutrements he hurried out and found the President sitting alone in his carriage, an open landau, with sombre horses and colored coachman. With a kindly smile and outstretched hand the President greeted him.

"Captain," he said, "two of your relatives who are on Gen. Scott's staff, Gen. Schuyler Hamilton and Gen. Henry Van Rensselaer, tell me you are one of the engineers on the New York water works and that you probably know something about a particular kind of pump called the Worthington pump. It has been doing service at the White House. But latterly it has refused to work. It has turned rebel. With no water for the plumbing I fear sickness in the household.

"None of the plumbers in Washington seems to understand the mechanism. But since you are from New York I am venturing to hope you may have the required knowledge and will be able to put us in the way of all needed information. Will you come and give the benefit of your judgment?"

The Captain replied that he would follow him at once to the White House and do his utmost to relieve the situation.

"No, no," said the President. "Come with me in the carriage. Jump in and we will drive over."

On the way he inquired earnestly concerning the regiment and the New York State military organization and said that he had seen many of the evening parades of the regiment and considered it as efficient in drill as the regulars. Mr. Lincoln's geniality speedily relieved all natural embarrassment of the young officer and before the end of the short drive he was wholly at ease and on friendly terms with the President.

They drove up to the rear of the Executive Mansion and went direct to the pump room. The Captain recognized the pump as one of the Worthington make, known as the reciprocating pump. Its mechanism was of the simplest form, but mysterious to those unacquainted with the principles on which it operated. The lugs of the valve rod, thrown by an arm on the piston rod, required nice adjustment. An examination showed that the rods of the binding screws were worn, allowing them to get out of place.

The Captain remarked that with two monkey wrenches and some thin strips of lead he could himself put it in working order. The tools were brought, and Mr. Lincoln said:

"Take off your coat, Captain," himself setting the example.

Wrenches in hand, the President under the direction of the young officer fell to work tinkering with the valve rod and screws. The steam was put on and off for frequent trials until adjustment was finally secured. The President caught the idea readily and displayed considerable mechanical aptitude.

"A little forward on your side, Mr. President. There, there, gently—not too much!" Capt. Church would say.

Mr. Lincoln was as sober and earnest as any young journeyman on his first trial and displayed a corresponding degree of satisfaction when the strokes began to be regular, showing that the pump was beginning to do its work. The President watched it for a while critically, but when it continued on, showing the difficulty had been overcome, he was like a boy who had made a good shot at marbles. He grew exuberant and walked about waving the monkey wrench with many indications of delight. Putting his hands on the Captain's shoulders, he exclaimed:

"Well, we have done what no other two men in Washington could do! Now we have earned a recess. Come with me and we will have a little luncheon all by ourselves!"

The Captain urged that his reward was in being of the slightest service to the President and that he must not consume more of his valuable time.

"No, no!" was the reply. "You must obey the Commander in Chief without question until relieved from duty. Come along!"

A pleasant luncheon followed served in his private room and gradually the sympathetic, kindly talk of Mr. Lincoln had elicited from the young man almost every incident of his life. It seemed to him on recalling the incident that it was not only of himself but of his family and relatives he had been led to speak. What seemed to impress Mr. Lincoln most was his being the grandson of Prof. Benjamin Silliman of Yale College. He knew all about the importance of Prof. Silliman's work, of his having been the first strong influence in the country in popularizing science through interesting the masses by his constant lecture tours all over the United States.

"So you are the grandson of Prof. Silliman—'Uncle Ben' they used to call him?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," replied the Captain delightedly, "they did."

The tender, thoughtful tone of Mr. Lincoln in uttering these few words completely won the young officer, who adored his grandfather, with whom he had lived from his tenth year to the beginning of his collegiate course.

The luncheon concluded, the Captain felt that he must not further detain the President and turned to make his adieux and bow himself out, but Mr. Lincoln said, "Remain a little longer." Then followed another question.

Finally an orderly announced the carriage. The President took his hat and they went out together. On reaching the front entrance the Captain, believing that the President was going on some special business elsewhere, again endeavored to take leave, but Mr. Lincoln said:

"Stop! Stop! Get into the carriage. I must take you back to your quarters—not a word; not a word!"

They drove back to Camp Anderson on Franklin Square, and with renewed thanks and a warm shake of the hand the President was gone.

"THE FLOWERS OF DEATH"

Continued from Fourteenth Page.

moment. I will not keep her longer. See that she comes at once."

Sydney rose promptly and crossed the room. The girl, with a small syringe in her hand, was in the act of spraying the flower when he addressed her.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered, "my friend across the room wishes to speak to you without an instant's delay. The matter is one of urgency."

The girl gave a little start and the flower which she had been holding slipped from her fingers to the floor. She looked across the room at Mr. Laxworthy, who had risen to his feet. Their eyes met. Mr. Laxworthy's face was immovable. The girl began to tremble.

"I will come," she faltered. "I will come at once."

She picked up the carnation from the floor. The man held out the lapel of his coat, but she shook her head.

"It is spoiled, monsieur," she said. "I will arrange another. In a moment I will return."

She came to Mr. Laxworthy like a child in mortal fear of some unknown punishment. She placed the basket of flowers upon the floor and stood before him.

"Monsieur?" she began timidly.

Mr. Laxworthy looked at her steadfastly.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "it would be well that you offer no more flowers here this evening. If you will leave the restaurant by the terrace end there are some seats fronting the gardens. Wait for me there. A matter of five minutes, perhaps."

She picked up her basket without hesitation.

"I shall await, monsieur," she murmured.

Mr. Laxworthy sipped his coffee and watched her thoughtfully as she made her way down the room. His two companions were dumfounded.

"The flower girl!" Sydney exclaimed softly. "How could you—how could any one?"

"A little matter of inspiration," Mr. Laxworthy interrupted, "and a few inquiries."

* * * * *

The girl was leaning forward upon the seat, her face half covered by her hands, her eyes, lit now with real terror, gazing forward into the velvety darkness. Mr. Laxworthy seated himself deliberately by her side.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am not used to sitting out of doors at this season of the year, so I shall be glad to make our interview a short one. Have you anything to say to me?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"You have no excuse to offer?"

"None."

"Causes always interest me," Mr. Laxworthy continued. "Tell me your story."

"Why should I?"

"Mademoiselle," Mr. Laxworthy said more sternly, "with the little syringe which you have in your pocket you have sprinkled flowers with a poisonous compound, and afterward shaken them over the plates of various people, thereby poisoning them. If this was a wanton act then you deserve—you very richly deserve—the imprisonment which threatens you. On the other hand, if you have anything to say I am ready to hear it."

She turned upon him with a moment's fierceness.

"There is no justice in this world!" she exclaimed bitterly.

"On the contrary," Mr. Laxworthy said, "the laws of justice are as inexorable as the pendulum of life itself. Every crime and every evil deed is paid for. You are the daughter of Senekou, the chemist and anarchist. Is it some evil germ from his madness which lingers in your blood?"

Terror and indignation seemed to struggle together in her face as she leaned toward him in the darkness. Mr. Laxworthy, however, was unmoved.

"He was never mad!" she cried. "They did their best to drive him out of his senses, but he was never mad. They kept him in prison for eight years—imprisonment which was in itself a torture. Then we came here, M. Decat employed him, and one day he found out who he was, and dismissed him at a moment's warning. No one else would give him work. He died of starvation. I remain."

"I know your whole history," Mr. Laxworthy said slowly. "I have spent some part of to-day in making inquiries concerning you. Now look me in the face, and tell me why you have done this thing."

"I did it because I hate M. Decat!" the girl replied, in a low tone. "I hate his restaurant, and I would like to see him ruined. I hate the people whom I have made suffer. I hate his whole place and every one in it. Monsieur, you are of the world; you understand. What do you think this city of sunshine and jewels and gay ladies and wealth—hideous, senseless wealth—must mean to me? I saw him grow thinner and more tired every day. It was starvation he died of."

"Mademoiselle," Mr. Laxworthy said, "you carry on a futile warfare. Your father sinned and he paid his debt. You have sinned, but I will make myself your judge. You have suffered in advance. It shall be enough. You have relatives in France. Leave Monte Carlo to-morrow and seek them out. There is in this envelope sufficient to keep you from becoming a burden upon them. Do you accept?"

There was a change in her face. Its white tenseness had gone, her eyes glowed at him, her lips were trembling.

"Monsieur," she gasped, "you mean—you mean——"

"Mademoiselle," Mr. Laxworthy declared, rising to his feet, "there will be no one to interfere with you; only remember this: The debt is paid. I wish you good fortune and a happier life."

Mr. Laxworthy turned up his coat collar and moved away. The girl stood for a moment where he had left her, as though she were in some sort of dream. Then, with the basket upon her arm, she disappeared slowly into the night.

IN PUZZLELAND—THE ANIMAL RACE PROBLEM

PUZZLE solving is a contest of skill. Young people learn valuable principles in mathematics and other studies through puzzles, and to encourage this helpful pastime and as a reward for cleverness THE SUNDAY SUN offers one prize of $5 in cash for the best correct answer to the accompanying race puzzles. "Best" means not only correct solutions but the best expressed answer, not exceeding 200 words, telling how the solutions were arrived at. THE ONLY CONDITIONS ARE THAT ANSWERS SHALL BE RECEIVED IN THE SUN OFFICE ON OR BEFORE MIDNIGHT FEBRUARY 23, 1914. ADDRESS PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, THE SUNDAY SUN, NEW YORK. All letters will be carefully examined and the decision of the Puzzle Editor must be accepted as final. The question of "time of receipt" of letters is not taken into consideration, so long as they are in THE SUN office before time and date mentioned.

The contest is open to all, whether they are subscribers to THE SUN or not. THE ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE SUN OF SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1914, AND THE NAME OF THE WINNER OF THE $5 PRIZE ANNOUNCED.

Race Puzzle.

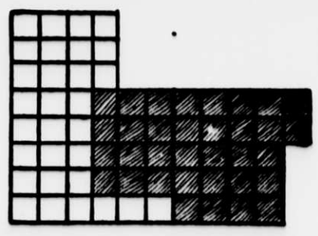
The blackboard presents a pretty problem in the theory of chances and presents the following simple question:

If the odds are 2 to 1 against the Hippo and 3 to 2 against the Rhino, what should the odds be against the Giraffe?

Here is the second puzzle connected with the same picture, which shows how they make up a handicap in Puzzleland:

If the Giraffe can beat the Rhino one-eighth of a mile in a two-mile handicap race and the Rhino could beat the Hippo one-quarter of a mile in a two-mile handicap, what distance could the Giraffe beat the Hippo in the same race?

ANSWERS AND $5 PRIZE WINNER OF GINGERBREAD PUZZLES, PUBLISHED JANUARY 11, 1914.



The accompanying diagram shows how the gingerbread is cut into two pieces which when rearranged form an 8 by 8 square.

In the finance puzzle Kitty had 7 cents and Harry 5 cents.

Winner:
MARY LEE R. COHEN,
171 Wildwood Ave.,
Upper Montclair, N. J.